

I'll Fly Away



I'll Fly Away

Written by
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Illustrated by
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*Dedicated to the one and only Monarch,
God my Father who gave me this book.
Thank you, dearest Father. May your book
have "wings" is our prayer, dear Father.*

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Published by Wahoo Publishing, LLC

P.O. Box 1092

Keller, TX 76244-1092 U.S.A.

Phone No. 817-584-1430

Produced in Little Rock, AR

May 2012

Intended for children ages 6 and above

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Printed by offset Press. Batch 1.

United States of America

1st Edition

More than 118,000 in print



“Oh, what a beautiful morning,” sang Meri Monarcha, the monarch butterfly. The air was crisp and cool as she sipped the sweet nectar flitting from flower to flower. She flew high into a tree to get a better glimpse of the sun shining ever so brightly. It brought such warmth to her on this brisk clear day.



Suddenly, Meri Monarcha was startled by what seemed to be someone crying. Following the sobbing voice, she fluttered close to the ground landing among a cluster of flowers. The crying continued becoming louder and louder. At last, in the deep grass, Meri Monarcha saw a caterpillar.



“Why the tears little caterpillar? What has made you so sad that you cry?” asked Meri Monarcha. “Now, let’s dry those eyes and blow that nose. Let me introduce myself. My name is Meri Monarcha, and I want to be your friend.”



"You do? You really mean it? You want to be my friend," sniffed the little caterpillar as he tried not to cry. "Oh, thank you, thank you. You are so beautiful and kind. Thank you dear, sweet...Meri Monarcha is it?"

"There, there," replied Meri Monarcha, "now this is much better little friend. Maybe we could start with you telling me your name!"



“Oh no! I knew it would come to this,” said the caterpillar. “This is one of the reasons I was crying. I do not like my name, and my friends make fun of me. My name is Wormy Willy! Everybody just calls me Wormy. They make fun of me because all I do is crawl along the ground, over sticks, stones and through the deep grass.”



"I want to be beautiful like you, Meri Monarcha. I want to see things up high like you do. I want to fly, too! You are able to see things up high and down low. Please help me, Meri Monarcha. I do not like being called Wormy! Would you, should you, could you, help me dear friend? Oh, please, please, please!"

Meri Monarcha laughed and said, "May I call you Willy?"

"What a wonderful place to start. Yipee! Yipee! Yipee! You have already made my day," Willy joyfully said.



"O.K. Willy. Crawl upon this bush and let me tell you a secret," said Meri Monarcha.

"Oh, do I love secrets!" exclaimed Willy.



"Well, not too long ago, I was a caterpillar just like you!"

"You must be kidding," said Willy.

"Changes had to be made in my life before I became a beautiful new creature and could fly."



“What kind of changes? How did you change?” questioned Willy.

“Good questions, Willy. You are on the right track. I must say you are one smart caterpillar. Changes begin to happen when you start asking questions.”



The first step is to realize there is more in life than being a worm and feeling sorry for yourself. You were made by God and for God. You were made to be used by him. He has extra special plans for each one of us."

"Oh, Meri Monarcha, you mean God really, really loves me? I really, really matter to him, and he wants me to be what he wants and not what I want?"



Meri Monarcha was so excited. "Willy, you are such a wise caterpillar. I am so proud of you!"

"Tell me, oh please tell me sweet Meri Monarcha, tell me more! How did you change?"

"Well, first of all...you are going to love this Willy. I have another secret!"

"I can keep secrets, Meri Monarcha. I promise, I promise, I promise! Oh please, hurry and tell me dear friend. I can't stand the wait."



"Well...my name used to be...Wormy Willene!"

"Wormy Willene, Wormy Willene!" Wormy Willy was laughing so hard he almost fell out of the bush! "You are so very, very funny Meri Monarcha."

"Well it is funny now, but it wasn't back then. That is why it is important for you to help others, too. Everybody needs to know God loves each one of us. Each of us matter and is very, very special to God. Everyone has an extra special place in God's heart for his work here on earth."



Meri Monarcha continued, "I made up my mind that I was not going to crawl around and cry. I was going to ask God to use me. I was ready for him to change me to be what he wants, not what I want. I wanted him to give me wings. I was ready to fly!

When I took the first step, know what? The changes started! First, I took on a new shape – yes I did. I climbed up in a tree and said, 'Dear God, I am yours, all yours. Please change me!'"



"Better hold on Willy. The next thing I knew, God had turned 'Ole Wormy Willene' upside down in that tree. I was hanging on with my last two legs! I was in the form of the letter J which made me think of God's son, Jesus. I thought of how he had hung on a tree, a cross, and had died for us. If we give him our hearts and lives, we can go to heaven someday.

The next thing God did, now remember, I was still just 'Ole Wormy Willene,' he started changing my clothes. He changed how I looked on the outside as He was changing my heart on the inside. I didn't need those old striped clothes anymore. I was very happy!"



“The first outfit he made me was a gorgeous jade green jumpsuit. It was trimmed with a gold crown on my head, Willy. That is where the name monarch comes from. God becomes ‘The Boss’, ‘The King’ of your life!”



“The next step Willy, a really, really big step is when you are ready for the big change. You no longer want to be a worm, but you are ready to be what he has always meant for you to be. Are you ready...really ready, Willy, to be changed? You will become a beautiful butterfly!”

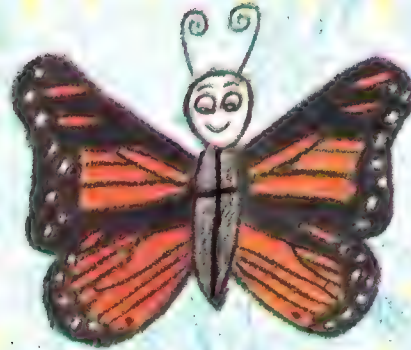


Willy clapped all of his hands and feet, all 14 of them!!! “Oh, I am ready Meri Monarcha; I am oh so ready. Will you pray with me as I give myself to God, please? I love him and I am going to ask him to change me. I want him to use me like he uses you, Meri Monarcha. Will you wait and see the change, my dearest friend?”

“I will wait dear Willy; I will wait. Let us pray.”



As the days passed by, Meri Monarcha could see God at work changing Willy. First Willy took on the form of the letter J because he wanted to be like Jesus. Off came the old clothes, and next came the jade green jumpsuit with the gold crown.



Finally, there he was in all of his beauty, glory and splendor. The beauty only God could have created. Willy had his wings!! There he was, a beautiful orange and black butterfly with white markings!



"Is this me, Meri Monarcha; is this me?" asked Willy. "Did you know I could be changed like this and oh so beautiful? I have wings, Meri Monarcha, I have wings!" "All of this was done by God," said Meri Monarcha. "This is only possible when changes begin in your heart. These changes start the day you give yourself, all of yourself to God. You tell him you love him and you just want what he wants. You don't matter anymore. You have a new boss, a new king...JESUS!"



Christian!

"There is one more thing, dear Willy. You also have a new name. When you give your heart and life to God, you are called a Christian.

"Oh, Meri Monarcha! Does it just keep getting better and better?" asked Willy.

"That it does, my friend. That it does!" said Meri Monarcha.



"You have been given a very special name. You will no longer be Wormy Willy, but from now on you will be known as Michael Monarcha. You have been named after one of God's special angels, Michael. Remember, angels are God's messengers and so are we, Michael Monarcha; so are we!"



“Now, Michael Monarcha, there is much work for us to do for God. No more time to cry...it is now your time to fly!”

“Fly high, Michael Monarcha. Fly high so all the world can see the changes God has made in you, and for others to know he will change them, too!”



"Oh, Michael Monarcha, when our life is over here on earth and God is ready to meet us face to face, we will fly away! Yes, Michael Monarcha, someday I'll fly away, and so will you!"

On _____, 2_____

I, _____

asked Jesus to come into my heart and change me. I no longer wanted to be a worm (sinner). I wanted to be a new creature. I wanted Him to make me into a butterfly (Christian). I want Him to be the Monarch in my life...the King.

Thank you, Precious Jesus!!





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Total 067 509-98-901
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*Come along on an adventure with Meri Monarcha
and her little friend Willy.*



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